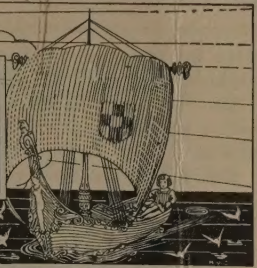
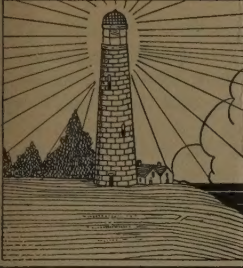
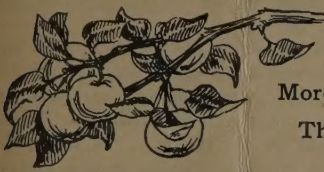


The BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

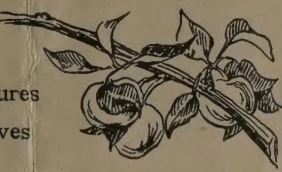


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More Hilltop Adventures The Hilltop Detectives

BY EDNA S. KNAPP



(Our readers who have followed "Henry" and "Margaret" through a series of stirring adventures will be interested to read of their more recent doings, and new friends of our paper will enjoy making the acquaintance of this adventurous pair.—Editor.)

"PHEW! but it's hot," ejaculated Henry, "too hot to sit around thinking about it."

"I didn't suppose it *could* be hot 'way up here in the hills," declared Margaret, as if the hot wave were a personal insult. "Houses seem so unnecessary these days."

"Houses *are* unnecessary summer days. The place to live is in the open," put in Henry.

"If you had a shelter up by Cold Spring—," suggested Margaret.

But Henry was on his feet now, his words tumbling over themselves in his eagerness. "Let's *build* a shelter. Look, this paper tells just how. Let's build a place and call it Camp Shelter. Say, that's a game worth while."

The idea struck Margaret favorably. Forgotten was the heat as the two bent over the pictures and directions and chose the style of hut they would build. Then Henry gathered the tools he thought they would need, Margaret asked kind Mrs. Bassett to put up a lunch for them and the two cousins were off. They were spending the summer three-quarters-way up the steep side of a foothill in the mountains. They left the circular clearing in which the farmhouse stood and followed Cold Spring Brook up the steep side of the hill to the clearing near the top where the Spring bubbled out from under some rocks. The woods closed in the little clearing, bending toward it as if to protect it. No more charming camp site could have been found anywhere.

The two paused in the middle of the sunlit space while they gazed around. Henry had his compass in hand and was scowling in his efforts to think of something that had escaped his memory. "Camp Shelter must have its back to the prevailing wind and storms," he said. "Now in what direction did Mr. Bassett say those came from?"

"Northwest," remarked Margaret, who did not forget.

Henry nodded. "Here just beside the spring is a nice, shady place. We want

to find two trees twelve feet apart with limbs about as high as we can reach with our arms held up."

Henry had his arms over his head and was experimenting with the adjacent trees and the limbs thereof. Margaret took out her neat little tape-measure and was measuring the space between neighboring trees. She found two the right distance apart and Henry decided the first limbs were at the right height to give crotches into which they could put a ridgepole.

Cutting the ridgepole was not such a difficult job, as Henry had brought along a hatchet, but it proved quite a task to lift it up into the crotches of the chosen trees. It had to be strong enough to bear the weight of all the poles that would be laid against it later. "There! That's done!" said Henry, with a sigh of relief as he got the ridgepole in place. "Now I'll have to cut a lot of poles—lighter ones—long enough so they'll rest on the ridgepole with the butts on the ground six feet from the trees."

"When you've cut one the right length, you can measure the rest by that," suggested practical Margaret. "It will take a good many poles to fill the whole space between the trees."

"Most likely we won't finish today," said Henry, for both were obvious amateurs at the job. Yet they had their row of poles pretty well in place before they went home that night. Next day they came back, cut quantities of spruce boughs and laid these thickly over their tent of slanting poles. "That will close the openings so rain can't get through," said Margaret, trying to see light through the improvised roof but failing.

"We'd better close the open ends, I guess," decided Architect Henry.

"How can you?" asked Margaret.

"Hang and bank them with spruce boughs," returned Henry, showing how it could be done. Then he asked Margaret to help him gather boughs and arrange them in overlapping layers to make

a bed. "I wish we needed a fire," he remarked when they had finished. "A fire in this open space in front would make a real camp of it."

"The sun is all the fire we need," groaned Margaret, rousing for the instant to realize that the weather was still hot.

"Let's have our lunch. Aren't you hungry?" inquired Henry. "I'll get some water and you spread things out, will you?"

Ping! Something hurtled through the air above Margaret's head nipping a bough off the nearest tree. Margaret gave a little startled cry. Zip! a second bullet followed the first almost at once.

"Lie down flat," cried Henry, throwing himself on his face. Margaret hastily followed his example.

"Hi, there! Be careful! There are folks within range," called Henry to the invisible hunter. No answer was heard and Henry called again. Still the fusillade of bullets continued at intervals for several minutes.

When it had ceased for a time, Henry gently bade frightened Margaret lie on the fragrant bed in the shelter, while he hunted for the hunter. Henry went cautiously in the direction from which the bullets had come, going from tree-trunk to tree-trunk as he had read the Indian fighter did long ago. Calling at intervals and searching carefully, he explored the territory within what he judged to be the range of the bullets. He could find no traces of any person, and could get no answer to his shouts. Yet, part of the time, he felt a curiously vivid impression of being watched.

Puzzled and a little worried, because Margaret was in his care, he returned to Camp Shelter. There he found Margaret in such a state of disturbed nerves that he escorted her home as quietly and quickly as possible.

Uncle Henry and the Bassetts were out in the yard under the big maple, discussing the Kempster experiments. So deep were the three in their own conversation that they paid no attention at first to the cousins. Margaret and Henry had both heard of Dr. Kempster, the psychologist who had done such excellent work with shellshocked veterans. He had cured Will Larrabee, who lived next door to Margaret at home, and helped Ernest Adams, a cousin of Henry's on the mother's side. Dr. Kempster's series of newspaper articles had ended abruptly

with no explanation, Uncle Henry was saying.

Mrs. Bassett glanced up as Margaret laid a shaking hand in hers and asked quickly, "What is the matter, dear?"

Henry told the story of the fusillade, his advice to Margaret, his unsuccessful hunt and how he had brought Margaret back as soon as he could.

"That was good judgment, lad," spoke Uncle Henry with unusual warmth. "I see you can be trusted as a squire of dames."

Henry squirmed and turned red as he thought of some past scrapes into which his rashness had led him and from which Margaret had extricated him.

"Some of those hunters are mighty careless," said Mrs. Bassett quickly. "No, Pocahontas," to the lame white hen that tried to walk into her lap, "I've got other things to do than pet you. Margaret, you'd better lie down a while. And I think you'd better keep away from that Camp of yours for a few days."

Margaret was perfectly willing, evidently. Henry turned to his uncle at once. "That doesn't mean I've got to stay away?" he asked, in great anxiety.

"No, lad," replied Uncle Henry. "Keep an eye out for that careless hunter, though, and warn him off our land if you meet him. That is all."

Next morning Henry went up to Camp Shelter to bring back the dishes and lunch basket. The place seemed empty, only the lovely sunlit space, the nodding pines and tumbling brook. Yet every atom of food was gone, the dishes had been neatly washed and piled in the basket, the fragrant bed bore the mark of some large body that had rested on it and the limbs nipped from the trees yesterday had been picked up and carried away. Hunt as he would with all the scout lore he could remember learning in his "hikes," Henry could find no trace of any human being other than himself. Yet, more than once, he was conscious of that curious sensation of being watched.

Puzzled and vaguely worried, Henry picked up the lunch basket and carried it home. In silence he took it into the farmhouse kitchen and handed it to Mrs. Bassett.

"Your hunter had a good appetite," she remarked as she peeped inside. "He found your camp all right. Slept there, too; did he?"

"He must have. Probably he's gone now and won't trouble us again," returned the boy. "It must have been some passing hunter, don't you think so?"

That was what everybody thought at the farmhouse. Next day when vegetables were missed from the back garden, it was laid to woodchucks, for the lowgrowing ones; "Or maybe a deer" when corn and other things began to disappear.

A day or two later, Mrs. Bassett counted her chickens and found a black hen missing. "That Cinderella was the

only black hen on the place," remarked Mrs. Bassett. "I set her mother on twelve Rhode Island Red eggs and 'Minnehaha' brought off thirteen healthy chicks. One was black, that Cinderella thing. I kind of hate to lose her, but she never had much sense."

When the Rhode Island Reds began to vanish, the presence of "varmints" was suspected, yet traces of fox or weasel were entirely lacking. Mr. Bassett was busy haying and begged Henry to "scout 'round" and find what was taking the chickens. Henry did his level best yet found no track of anything out of the ordinary.

Still the chickens and vegetables vanished and once or twice some tool disappeared from the woodshed only to reappear presently. Henry made repeated trips to Camp Shelter but found no change except that the bed of boughs had been apparently renewed. He did not try to sleep there.

Mrs. Bassett lamented over the departed chickens because it was so hard to raise them. "Still if the thing, whatever it is, doesn't take Pocahontas, I can get along all right," she frequently remarked. Then next Pocahontas "turned up missing." The little lame hen was not with the others when they were let out in the morning though she had been when the chickens had been shut up the night before. Pocahontas was an important member of the outdoor farm family. Lamed by accident the year before, kind Mrs. Bassett had brought the tiny chicken into the house, tended it like a baby and saved its life. Now the small hen preferred human to feathered company, stayed close around the back door, and was never so happy as when carried around on somebody's arm or shoulder. When so riding, she crooned almost constantly to show her contentment.

When Mrs. Bassett announced at breakfast, "Pocahontas is gone! I can't find her anywhere!" the children were as sorry as she was.

Henry started to push his chair back. "That's a shame," he cried. "I'm going to hunt until I find her."

"Eat your breakfast first, nephew," ordered Uncle Henry's calm voice.

"I'll help you hunt," promised Margaret. "We'll look all over the farm first, won't we, Henry?"

"We may have to leave the farm to hunt. Have you got over your scare at Camp Shelter?" asked Henry bluntly.

Margaret pressed her lips together in a way she had. "I'll go *anywhere* we need to hunt," she declared. "We've just got to find that dear white chicken."

Mrs. Bassett searched with them for a while but had other work to do. Then the children made a systematic search of the farm territory as far as they had ever known Pocahontas to roam. No sign, not even a white feather. Neither did they find a trace of anything that might have carried off the pet that would let anyone pick her up.

"It's a shame," repeated Margaret for the twentieth time. "We'll just keep hunting until we find her, won't we, Henry?"

Henry nodded. He was thinking hard and could see nothing ahead to do. "Pocahontas couldn't have gone far with that lame foot of hers. She must have been carried off," he said slowly.

"Then the thing that carried her off must have left *some* traces somewhere, Henry. Isn't it possible that if we looked by the brook there might be some track? Animals do leave marks if they go through the brook."

Henry stared at his cousin. "You remember what you read, don't you?" he commented. "Let's go up the banks of the brook, one of us on each side, and watch out all the time."

So up the steep banks of the merry brook the hunt was resumed. Henry found a human footprint too big for theirs, faintly visible in damp earth by the brookside. He waved his cap at Margaret, who crossed on the stones and bent over the mark in silence.

"The Camp Shelter man?" Margaret formed the words with her lips and Henry nodded once more. As quietly as they could, with ears open to every sound, they kept on up the Brook to the Camp. Again they found empty space, pines, brook and shelter.

Both were tired and sat down to rest and regain their breath. Suddenly both turned to the east and listened intently. Off in the distance they heard, or thought they heard, a faint contented crooning.

"Pocahontas!" said Margaret's lips, barely forming the word.

"Come on," replied Henry in the same way. Forgetting heat and weariness, they were off once more to follow a vanishing sound. They seemed to get nearer to it, then to lose it, hear it again, then lose it entirely. Puzzled, angry and weary, they went home to talk the matter over.

Mrs. Bassett was firm in the belief that they had imagined the sound and Pocahontas was gone for good. The poor lady mourned as if for a member of her family.

"I heard her croon. I know I did," declared Margaret to Henry.

"So did I. And something on two legs is tormenting us by carrying her off when we get on the trail," insisted Henry.

The children kept their belief to themselves and continued the search. Sometimes they heard the faint crooning in one direction, sometimes in another. Two days later they were following their mysterious clue, if clue it might be called, through a pine grove toward another clearing when a mighty rushing sound reached their ears and with a roaring crash an old dead pine ahead of them fell to the ground. Fortunately it fell away from them and out into the clearing. As the noise of its fall died away, an amazed squawk and a human groan reached the ears of the startled cousins.

Hurrying through the woods to the clearing, they met a white hen, frantically glad, that fluttered to Margaret's shoulder and tried in every way to express her delight. On the ground, pinned down by branches of the dead pine, lay a man in outing garb, with closed eyes. He groaned again, and the children bent over him. Henry brought a capful of water and bathed the man's face, after finding the limb above the victim was more than children could lift.

Then Margaret raced home with Pocahontas in triumph on her shoulder to send help.

"Do you know who I am," asked the victim weakly, as he opened his eyes to Henry's solicitous boyish face.

"I don't know, but maybe Uncle Henry will," said the boy.

"Why Frederick Kempster!" exclaimed Uncle Henry to his former college classmate. "How on earth did you come here?"

Uncle Henry and Mr. Bassett released Dr. Kempster, who was only badly bruised, carried him to the waiting wagon and took him to the farmhouse. By and by Uncle Henry explained to the children that Dr. Kempster used to spend his boyhood holidays in this region years ago, that he had wandered off, worn out by his work and nearly had a sunstroke which had made his head "queer" for a while. He had been the careless hunter, had taken Pocahontas for company, and not wanting human society had avoided it until the tree pinned him down. A few days of care and rest at the farmhouse made him all right. And the cousins turned to seek fresh adventures.



A Happy Meeting.

HAPPY hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Heart-of-a-Poet And Something-to-Do

BY HEWES LANCASTER

H EART-OF-A-POET was sitting on the back steps feeling fidgety and out of sorts.

"I wish I had somebody to play with or some place to go to," he said. "I'm so tired, I'm most dead."

Just then his mother opened the back door and called to him:—

"Here's Something-To-Do. He wants to see you."

A happy-looking chap came bustling down the steps.

"Hello," said Heart-of-a-Poet, "I'm glad to see you."

"I thought you would be," said the bustling chap. "People who are feeling fidgety and out of sorts generally are glad to see me. But I must get busy now."

"What are you going to do?" asked Heart-of-a-Poet.

"Do? Why, I am going to pick up all the sticks and trash in this back yard and make it look neat and nice."

"If I help you all I can," Heart-of-a-Poet begged, "will you tell me your story?"

"Sure," said Something-To-Do, "but it isn't much of a story. Many, many months ago my name was So-Tired and I didn't have a good time at all. I just sat around wishing I had some place to go to and feeling like I was most dead. One day Spirit-of-Change came along and asked me if I liked being So-Tired."

"I told him of course I didn't like it but that I couldn't change my name. He laughed—you know how Spirit-of-Change laughs, don't you? Well, he laughed and laughed."

"The idea," he said, 'of saying you can't change your name. Don't you know that I can change the name of anything that has earth, air and water in it? All you have to do is to ask me to kiss you and give you a new name. Now what name would you like to have?'"

"I told him I thought almost any other name would be better than So-Tired and he said he thought so too. Then he kissed me and said:—

"There you are. And your new name is Something-To-Do."

"It was funny. Just as soon as he said that I ran to pick up some paper that was

blowing about a lawn. The good Spirit called after me and said:—

"Go to it! And remember whenever you hear a fellow saying he's so tired he's most dead it's your job to help him out."

Heart-of-a-Poet laughed:—

"So that's why you came to me! And I'm so glad you did! I feel lots better now."

"Yes," said Something-To-Do, "and the yard looks lots better too. That's the jolly part about my job. I am all the time making people feel better and making places look nicer. Well, I must go now. But don't forget, Heart-of-a-Poet, the next time you are feeling fidgety or so tired you are most dead, be sure you look up your old friend Something-To-Do."

T HE Daughters of the American Revolution have started a movement to have February sixth observed annually as "International Day" by the public schools and by all patriotic societies.

They believe that "one day each year should be set aside to remind our children and our children's children of the benefits of international harmony. To keep alive good-will and striving toward peace and friendliness among nations that pervaded the great Conference at Washington."—*Firelight*.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

1515 ARLINGTON AVE.,
DAVENPORT, IOWA.

My dear Miss Buck: I would like to join the Beacon Club. I am president of the Girls' Junior Club and we have decided to join the Beacon Club. Mrs. F. H. Perry is our superintendent and every Sunday she asks who joined the Beacon Club during the week. I would like very much to have one of the other members correspond with me. I always watch the Beacon Club Corner and I am going to start correspondence with some of the members at once.

Very sincerely yours,

LOUISE MURPHY.

16 HILLARD STREET,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck: I am nine years old and am in Miss Hueston's class in King's Chapel Sunday School. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy

it very much. I was quite surprised to see Elaine Morgan's letter in No. 34 of *The Beacon*. She was one of my friends in Berkeley. I would like to join the Beacon Club and have some people correspond with me.

Yours very lovingly,

RAY SPEIGHT.

736 FOREST AVENUE,
PALO ALTO, CAL.

Dear Miss Buck: I am a member of the Unitarian Sunday School and I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. We have a nice Sunday school here and are all going to join the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

EDGAR MASON CALDERWOOD.

Other members of this fine class are Marian and Beverly Blackmer, Page Beckett, Carol Chapman and Jean Cady, Katrina Carruth, Sanderson Smith and Ardel Thompson. Jim Heath, also of the Palo Alto school, writes that he missed but one Sunday during last year, and John Todd writes that they now have four times as many children as when he began to go.

Church School News

LOS ANGELES, California; Mr. Harry B. Brackett, Superintendent. The session of this school on June 4th was so largely attended that the Superintendent wondered if perhaps it might not have equalled that of any school in our denomination on that day. With one or two possible exceptions, this was very likely the case. The school is to be congratulated on its growth during the past year and its fine spirit. The Y. P. R. U. meets with the church school, holding its session for study during the class period. The election of officers for the Union occurred on June 4th.

Buffalo, New York. The closing exercises of the church school with presentation of diplomas to the graduating class and a sermon appropriate to the occasion by the minister, Dr. Richard W. Boynton, were held on Sunday, June 11th, at the time of the regular church service in the church auditorium. The flowers used for decorations at that special service were taken by members of the school to the hospitals in the city at the close of the service.

Westminster Unitarian Church, Providence, Rhode Island; Hugo O. E. Carlborg, Superintendent. Children's Sunday was observed on June 11th with an especially attractive service. All members of the school who had had exceptional attendance were presented with copies of "The Soul of the Bible"; Francis Madison having had practically perfect attendance for the past eleven years, and Joseph and Hope Withers for seven years. In addition to a potted plant presented to each member of the school, at the close of the service members of the younger classes distributed cut flowers to all the adults who attended. The picnic of this school was held on Saturday, June 17th.

Canton, Massachusetts; Elliot C. French, Superintendent. The *Canton Journal* has kept the interests of the church and church school well before the public during the last few months. A three-column story of the church with a picture of the church building, the minister, and the seal of the parish, was issued in June. An excellent notice was given of the Children's Sunday service of the church school held on June 4th. At this service recognition was made of the members of the school who had had perfect attendance for the past year and a christening service was held. During the summer months there has been a monthly advertisement of the church school in the local paper, telling of its aims, the opportunities that it offers, and inviting members to join during the coming year. Such advertising will surely do much to build up the attendance and to make the school known to those who care for what it offers.

The First Parish Sunday School of Dorchester, Massachusetts, reports that it is growing. At present there are, counting the teachers, one hundred and thirty-seven members, the attendance on May 7th being ninety-one and on May 14th ninety-five. This is an excellent record for one of the spring months. The church school has also helped out the church attendance, since about twenty-five members of the school are in regular attendance at the church. In order that a representative might be sent to the institute for religious education at the Isles of Shoals, a food sale was held in May with excellent returns.

TALK not to me of the stock whence you grew,
But show me your stock by what you can do:

—Spurgeon.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA II.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 3, 4, 8, 9, is something in the sky.
My 1, 8, 9, is a gateway.
My 10, 11, 3, 3, is an overseer.
My 1, 2, 9, 6 is brought forth.
My 12, 5, 8, 3, 4, is a cooked meat.
My 3, 7, 5, 4, is something used in a gun.
My whole was famous at the Boston tea party.
E. O. S.

ENIGMA III.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 1, 5, 17, 10, is the name of a Roman deity.
My 3, 10, 13, 14, 9, is perceived by one of the seven senses.
My 12, 18, 13, 15, is a garden vegetable.
My 6, 2, 18, is an enemy.
My 7, 19, 20, is the opposite of young.
My 8, 13, 9, 16, 4, is burdened.
My 11, 16, 17, 10, 14, is at no time.
My whole is a great Dutch patriot and martyr to the cause of religious toleration.
C. G.

DIVIDED WORDS

1. I am careless and heedless. Take away an idea and leave not so much.
2. I am used in studying heavy boot soles. Take away a fireplace attachment and leave part of a finger.
3. I am an awkward person. Take away a swelling and leave persons of the same family.
4. I am a large battleship. Take away a fear and leave nothing.
5. I am the name of a member of a family. Take away a liquid and leave a sound of hesitation.
D. H.

ANAGRAM

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H. C. L.

The Fixit Club

A HIGH school, in New Hampshire, provides its students an opportunity to work out of school hours by becoming members of "The Fixit Club." This is their business statement:

"Get a Fixit for the little bothersome jobs. We have the tools, the brains and the ambition. All you need to furnish is the task and the pay, even then your job will cost just what it is worth and no more."

The boys and girls of the club are putting aside one-fourth of all they earn toward the expense of a college or technical school course, which they hope to take later on.—*The Portal*.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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